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RUSKIN'S LETTERS.



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LETTERS
UPON SUBJECTS OF GENERAL INTEREST
FROM
JOHN RUSKIN
TO VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS.



1892.

London : Privately Printed.

(Not for Sale.)

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NOTE.

Four of the following letters (Nos. 9, 16, 17, and 34) have already appeared in print, as pointed out in the footnotes to each. Should any textual variations be observed, the version given in the present volume may be accepted as correct, every letter contained in its pages having been printed from the original holograph.

LETTERS.

LETTERS
OF JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER I.

To MR. G. SMITH.*

[LONDON : 1842.]

MY DEAR SIR,

If it be not too late I feel very much inclined to remonstrate with you on your choice of an engraver for the *Amboise* drawing,† especially because I should not like (after your allowing the thing to go into your book, perhaps

* Mr. George Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

† The *Castle of Amboise*, drawn by Mr. Ruskin in illustration of his poem *The Broken Chain*, Part v., section xiv. The plate was eventually engraved by E. Goodall; and duly appeared in *Friendship's Offering* for 1843, facing p. 72. [See the *Bibliography of Ruskin*, Vol. I., p. 23.]

somewhat more out of unwillingness to hurt my feelings by rejecting it, than because you thought it fit for the purpose) that the result should be either unsatisfactory, or injurious to you; which, if you leave it in Mr. Jeavons's hands, I am much afraid it will be. I did not know the name when I saw you on Saturday, and therefore could say nothing against it. I have since looked over every illustrated work in my possession, and the result is a firm conviction that you could hardly have pitched on any one less likely to do either you or me justice. I can only find two *decent* pieces of engraving from his hand; the *Bombay* in your 1828 volume, and the *Vesuvius* in 1830. The *Bombay* is clear and delicate, and the *Vesuvius*, as far as the distance goes, very satisfactory. But Mr. Jeavons seems to me totally destitute of feeling, and untaught as an artist in every other of his

works ; his chief fault being a want of harmony and tenderness in dark tones everywhere, and an utter ignorance of drawing in foregrounds,—witness the town and castle of Foix in your last year's volume : harsh-cutting, and without atmosphere all over, and with foliage in the foreground which a child might be ashamed of ; and the un-transparent shade and general coldness and lifelessness of the *Melrose Abbey*, the year before ; and, worst of all, the violent harshness, and want of all feeling, in the *Spoletto* of 1830. But if I were to judge from *Friendship's Offering* I would let the *Vesuvius* balance a great deal of evil. But the share which Jeavons had in Turner's *Rivers of France* is conclusive. The *Canal of the Loire and Cher*, the *Lillebonne*, and the *Hôtel de Ville and Pont d'Arcole*, are a disgrace to that work ; and though I do not say Mr. Jeavons *could* not do better if he chose, I think

that while there are so many men of certain and tried excellence you are acting imprudently in leaving a subject, depending altogether on the delicacy of its tones, in the hands of a man of so little feeling. It so happens that you could not, by any possibility, have pitched on any other name in the whole list of engravers to which I should have objected. Some I may think better than others, but not one should I have spoken against. There are Cousen, Brandard, Wallis, Allen, Miller, Goodall, Willmore, Armytage, Richardson, Smith—all first rate. Your *Torcello*, by Armytage, and *Early Morning*, by Richardson, both beautiful. Of these men J. Cousen is the first in those particular qualities which the *Amboise* drawing wants ; and next to him I think J. B. Allen. But you cannot choose *one* who will not do infinitely better than this Jeavons. If he be poor, or have a family, he must

not be injured by my means. But, depend upon it, the choice lies between injuring *him* or *you*. Perhaps you have gone too far with him to go back. Of course, if so, burn this letter, and think no more of it. But if you *can* transfer the drawing to any other man, I don't care whom, you will both benefit yourself, and oblige me.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—What I have written above is much hurried, and somewhat injudicious from the violence of its expressions. Take care not to hurt Mr. Jeavons's feelings by any expression of such opinions.

LETTER II.

TO MR. G. SMITH.

GENEVA.

June 5th, [1849.]

MY DEAR SIR,

I have seen with much pleasure the favourable notices of the *Lamps* in the London Journals; for, considering the way in which the book clashes with many wide interests and received opinions, I had not hoped for so kind a reception of it; but as none of the reviewers appear to have understood the purpose and value of the illustrations, I think it right that you at least

should have it in your power to give some answer to any verbal objections that may be made to their apparent rudeness.

I have been a little too modest in the Preface—and had calculated too much on the reader's discovery of what I ought to have told him ; namely, that though indeed many portions of the plates on which I spent considerable time, have, owing to the softness of the steel, ended in "a blot," yet, such as they are, they are by far the most sternly faithful records of the portions of architecture they represent which have ever yet been published ; and I am persuaded that in course of time, this severe truth will give them a value far higher than that which is at present set upon plates of more delicate execution.

Few persons have any idea of the inaccuracy of architectural works generally. That of Gally Knight,

for instance, has been frequently referred to authoritatively respecting the architecture of Italy ; yet in the plate, in that work, of the Church of San Michele of Lucca, the ornaments on the wall between the arches have been drawn entirely out of the draughtsman's head ; flourishes of the pencil being substituted for the monochrome figures. The degree of fidelity of the drawing in Plate VI of the *Seven Lamps* of a single arch of this church, I can only illustrate to you by a particular instance. Just above the head of the strange long-eared quadruped at the top of the arch, the sloping border of the block of stone out of which he is cut is seen to become thicker, and to be divided by a line which looks like a mistake. In that place, the block of serpentine above did not fit exactly into its place, and the builder has fitted in a thin wedge-shaped bit of marble to fill up the gap ; which is marked by the

double line. In like manner, it will be noticed that the partition between this quadruped and the horseman in front of him is double, while all the other partitions are single bars of marble—this also is *fact*. Such a degree of accuracy as this may perhaps at first appear ludicrous—but I have always held it for a great principle that there are no *degrees of truth*; and from habit I have made it just as easy to myself to draw a thing truly as falsely. The accuracy of the other plates, excepting those specified as taken from somewhat obscure Daguerreotypes, is not less; and I believe a time will come when even their execution will be thought better of than it is at present. That, however, I contentedly leave to public judgment. One point by the bye should be noticed, that, as the plates are all of fragments, I did not think it necessary to risk losing some of their accuracy by reversing

them on the steel—and they are therefore reversed in the impression.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER III.

To DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

[LONDON : 1850.]

DEAR FURNIVALL,

I set out after church to find you, if I could—but I found New Square must be your *office*, not your house, and I had no other address, so I had to give you up and let you come here to-day; though I am going to be so rude as to break my engagement with you, for I want to go with Effie * to hear Gavazzi † lecture this afternoon, and I

* Mr. Ruskin's wife—now Lady Millais, formerly Miss Effie Gray.

† Gavazzi : an eloquent and popular Roman Catholic priest, who threw up Romanism, and preached and lectured widely against Papism, &c.

may not have another opportunity. He lectures at two, so I can only leave this note for you: pray pardon me. You will have a letter from me to-morrow or next day.

Yours ever affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

F. J. Furnivall, Esq.

LETTER IV.

To MR. G. SMITH.

August 3rd, 1851.

DEAR MR. SMITH,

We at first thought of running these large plate notices straight on; but it seems to me that after saying "each number * will be complete in itself," we can hardly do this, as I have not put in any of Plate II. to fill the gap—but you can if you think it better. The MS. of next number will be with you to-morrow morning. I want a revise of *this*, and of *Pre-Raphaelitism* from the beginning.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* "Each number," that is, of the *Examples of the Architecture of Venice*.

I have sent a page of Plate II. in case you think it expedient to go straight on.

Please tell Mr. Williams I have his obliging note, and that *his* assistance would be quite as valuable to me as Mr. Rowan's,—but I want Mr. R[owan] to read the pamphlet, because we quarrelled about the Pre-Raphaelites. I shall send him a copy, however I had rather he read it all fair.

I will correct all *Modern Painters* in a mass, and send it together.* But note there is a page—if not more—of the letterpress wanting, *between* the last corrected sheets of *Pre-Raphaelitism* which I sent you this morning, and the one herewith returned for revise.

* “All *Modern Painters*,” *i.e.*, Edition 5 of Vol. I., and Edition 3 of Vol. II., revised in 1851, when these two vols. were the only ones published.

LETTER V.

To MR. G. SMITH.

[May, 1855.]

DEAR MR. SMITH,

I believe Spottiswoode must have kept some of their men at home to finish this.* I am very much obliged to them, and should like the printers who stayed in to do it to have half-a-crown each, from me, for a holiday present. Will you kindly give orders to that effect. The proofs now sent back must be carefully revised by the press-corrector—but I don't want to see another revise: so the moment they are ready, let the thing be printed

* "Finish this," *i.e.*, *Academy Notes*, No. 1, published June 1st, 1855.

off, and sold forthwith as near the doors of the Academy as may be.

Please send a copy of the pamphlet, the moment you have any ready, to Mr. J. F. Lewis; Mr. G. Richmond; Miss A. J. Mutrie; Mr. D. G. Rossetti (14 Chatham Place, Blackfriars Bridge); Mr. William Rossetti, same address; Miss Heaton, 16 Beaumont St., Cavendish Square; Dr. Acland, Oxford; and Mr. Harrison;—all with my compliments.*

Send to nobody else—of course Mr. Williams will have one.

I send to town that all may be ready for early press to-morrow morning.

Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* J. F. Lewis, the painter, referred to in *Pre-Raphaelitism*.—George Richmond, the painter, also referred to in *Præterita*. Two portraits of Mr. Ruskin, and one of his father, are by him.—Dante G. Rossetti, and W. M. Rossetti, of course well known.—Dr. (now Sir Henry) Acland, of Oxford, one of Mr. Ruskin's oldest friends.—Mr. Harrison, see *On the Old Road*.—Miss A. J. Mutrie, an eminent painter of flowers, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. E. S. DALLAS.*

THUN, SWITZERLAND.

August 18th, [1859.]

MY DEAR DALLAS,¹

I had your kind letter some three weeks it must be ago, and it gave me great pleasure from its heartiness and friendliness. I am very much helped in all ways when I find anybody cares for me at all ; and it is very good of you, seeing how little we have been able to be with each other lately. I hope to have a chat about many things as soon as we get home—say about six weeks hence. I must say in writ-

* Eneas Sweetland Dallas (*b.* 1828, '*d.* 1879), leader writer in *The Times* ; author of *The Gay Science*, &c.

ing first I did not say that political economy of mine was 200 (did I say *two*? perhaps *one*—allowing for steam—would have been enough) years in advance of the age, because I thought it either my own best work, or a good book absolutely: but simply because, as far as it goes, it is founded on principles which it will take the world still another 100 years to understand the eternity of. If you like to look at the *Galignani* of to-day, you will see it gravely stated as a great and recent discovery, in a Russian journal, that the interests of a nation are not to be sacrificed to those of an individual. In another 100 years England may discover that human beings have got souls, which are the eminently Motive part of the Animal; and that to get as much Material result as you can out of the animal, his soul or Heart must be in a healthy state—also his stomach (including liver and intestines); and his

brains not in a state of congestion. Political Economists of this age fancy they can reason about men without their souls as mathematicians do about lines—as length without breadth. But they are slightly wrong in this matter, for the mathematician reasons on his line in Ideal perfection : and they on humanity in Ideal and even more impossible Truncation. They have founded a vast series of abstruse calculations, made with profound skill and accuracy, on the original hypothesis that a triangle has only two sides. I would have taken up these subjects more seriously, were it not still in question with me how far certain truths connected with them *can* be spoken in the present state of the public mind. It is often impossible, often dangerous, to inform people of great truths before their own time has come for approaching them ; and there is much which people will one day know as well as

their alphabets, which I should be sorry to tell my class at the Working Men's College at present.

Meanwhile it will be very naughty of you to growl at me and my book, while I am thus muzzled. But you may have your go at it (for I shall write nothing more on such matters for some time to come), till I can paint a little better, at all events. I'm very busy with clouds and colours, and in a state of disgust with my and everybody else's country which makes me perforce dumb.

I hope, if not in Paris, that you *have* gone somewhere out of town with Mrs. Dallas this year ; for until the last three days the heat has been hereabouts as great as ever. It is cooler to-day—at least one begins to know the difference between warm and cold water.

But we have been all* well on this

* "We all," *i.e.*, Mr. Ruskin himself and his parents.
—See *Præterita*, iii. 26.

journey. I was nearly made seriously ill by the German frescoes : it was as bad as living in Bedlam or a hospital for cretins—to look at Cornelius's * things long : but I got little consolatory peeps at Titians and such things, which the Germans hang out of the way in corners, and so got over it.

Nice sensible discussions you're having in England there about Gothic and Italian, aren't you ? And the best of the jest is that besides nobody knowing which is which, there is not a man living who can build either. What a goose poor Scott † (who will get his liver fit for *pâté de Strasbourg* with vexation) must be, not to say at once he'll build anything. If I were he I'd build Lord P[almerston] an office with all the capitals upside down ; and tell him it was in the Greek style, in-

* Cornelius was a celebrated German painter (born 1784), who executed a number of frescoes at Munich.

† Referring to Mr. Gilbert Scott, and his design for the Foreign Office.—See *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. pp. 144-145 and note.

verted, to express typically Government by Party : Up to-day, down to-morrow.

I don't know where this letter mayn't find you. I hope somewhere where you will be too idle to read it ; and it won't matter if you don't, except that my father would be very sorry if you didn't get his message of sincere regards.

Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

My mother's kind regards also.

LETTER VII.

TO MR. E. S. DALLAS.

BONNEVILLE, (SAVOY),
SWITZERLAND.

September 4th, 1859.

MY DEAR DALLAS,

By some fatality it seems to happen just now that I can't get on with my own business without being perpetually distracted by something more interesting in other people's. Everybody is so absurd that it's like trying to paint in the midst of a pantomime, and I never can write a serious word about anything for the public, without feeling as if I were talking sentiment to the Pantaloon.

Here now, are those ineffably rich

H

letters which people are writing every day to the *Times*, about this Builders' strike—and the delightfully moral and intellectual efforts of your political economists to persuade the men that labour can't be organized, when the half of the labour of the country of all kinds (from your cabman's sixpennorth of oaths and flogging, up to your Premier's five thousand pounds worth—or how much has he?—of architectural * and other useful knowledge) is organized already. Your soldiers kill people : your Bishops preach to them : your lawyers advise them : and your physicians purge them : for a shilling—or six-and-eightpence—or a guinea—according to the stated value of murder or physic ; and you never think of offering your Bishoprics to the people who will confirm cheapest, or getting yourself cured of the gout by contract.

* Again referring to the Foreign Office.—See *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i, p. 145.

And it seems to me, bricklaying (though it is not easy, and susceptible of many degrees of fineness in the art) is rather a more organizable kind of labour than sermon-making, or diagnosis.

I hav'n't any patience left to write ; but if you have any, you might do a great deal of good just now by examining this subject of the organization of labour thoroughly, and putting, as far as you can make it, an exhaustive article in the *Times* about it. And if you cannot do this, at least point out (apropos of this unhappy strike of the poor builders) that whatever the rights or wrongs of the question may be, they will probably suffer more than they gain by their present way of dealing with it ; and that the true way of carrying out their views is to acquiesce, so long as they are workmen, in the present state of things ; but to strain every nerve to become masters ; and then, when

they *are* masters, to carry out the principle of the organization of labour among their own workmen—and to die for it, if need be ; it being a principle quite worth dying for, if it be true. And there is some likelihood of its being so, ever since a great master-workman went into his market to hire his labourers at their penny a day—and had a roughish quarrel with some of them, on this very matter of the organization of labour, before night.

You may think that's a fair day's work enough that I propose to *you*,—the “examination of the organization of labour thoroughly.” But you would find it easier and simpler than it looks, if, among the innumerable examples of good, and evil, apparently arising sometimes from organized and sometimes from free labour, you keep hold of this main clue—that organization which is intended for the advantage of either separately, injures *both* ; but

chiefly those for whose advantage it was intended. There is another still surer clue, but one which, though you may use it yourself, you can't at present suggest with hope of toleration to the British public—namely that what is Justest, is also Wisest.

There is no way in which that verse—"The Fool hath said in his heart, No God"—was ever so completely fulfilled, as in the modern idea that Political Economy depends on Iniquity instead of Equity; and on *ἀνομία* instead of *δικαιοσύνη*.

We keep to our plan of being home in early October (just in time for dead leaves and fogs).* I resolved six years ago never to pass another October out of a mountain country—and have never been in a mountain country in October since. Few people have seen this part of the world in October, and

* They *were* home by then, as *Arrows of the Chase*, vol. i, p. 145, shows.

it is perhaps more wonderful than than at any time, the mountains being literally clothed with gold and purple. The worst of it is that in cold weather one likes one's dinner—and the cookery hereabouts is free labour, and done cheap. So is the guiding at Zermatt—and they have just dropped a traveller into a crevasse—and left him there.

Always with all our kindest regards,

Believe me, my dear Dallas,

Affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER VIII.

To MR. E. S. DALLAS.

DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.

October 31st, 1859.

[*Written by Mr. John Ruskin, Senr.*]

MY DEAR SIR,

I was delighted with a Letter shown to me by my Son (written to him by you in September, on your Return from the Sea-side) with your definition of Whig and Tory, and some remarks on artificial organization. As a City man I am half with the *Times* in believing my son and Dr. Guthrie innocent of Political Economy ; but these Geniuses

sometimes in their very simplicity hit upon the right thing, whilst your ponderous Economy discussor twaddles on in endless mazes lost. I say this from a single glance at the last article in the *Edinburgh Review*, just out ; and from my son, who is in Cheshire, writing to me as follows :—“ Mr. —— told me “ last night that at the Social Science “ meeting one of the principal Speakers “ said that if my recommendations as “ to the Employment of the workmen “ had been adopted, there would never “ have been any strikes ; and that this “ reference and statement were accepted “ as quite just and true by the mem- “ bers of the meeting. The whole “ discussion in which this occurs is “ omitted in the *Times*.” Of course the *Times* omits what it regards as of minor Importance, but call you this backing of your friends ? Neither does it ever notice a Book of his, though it notices smaller Books. However, as

I formerly said, the Critique on his *Stones of Venice* given in the *Times* was beyond all price, and leaves me eternally its Debtor.

In my son's last little book, *The Two Paths*,* he calls himself a safe Guide in Art, but says as a writer he cannot approach Carlyle or Tennyson. The Reviews quote the arrogant assertion, and leave out the modest one. Is this allowed to be honest Criticism?

By the way, if the Letter in the *Times* to-day is really Napoleon's, my pet Emperor is losing some of his sagacity. I am curious to see to-morrow's paper, doubting the authenticity of the Letter. Well, we are getting all armed and less alarmed. I had a long talk with an old French Notary related to several men high in office in passing lately through Paris, and entirely agreed with him in believing the Emperor, whom alone we load with abuse, to be the last man

* See *The Two Paths*, Appendix i.

in France who would wish to invade England. Take his subjects however from the Count to the Costermonger, or from Cellar to Garret, and they would without exception give any few francs they ever like to part with towards equipping Fleet or Army to invade us.

I got a Chill on the Lake of Geneva, followed by Dysentery, and came home ill. I hope by the time my son returns three weeks hence to be better, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.

P.S.—I can just remember our wars since 1797, and any thing more thoroughly stupid or more painfully disastrous and humiliating than the China Affair I recollect not. It is

nearly a checkmate : useless to go forward, and you cannot go back.

The old East India Company could, —but neither Palmerston, Russell, nor Bowring can manage China.

LETTER IX.

To MISS E. F. STRONG.*

[LONDON,
March 3rd, 1860.]

DEAR MISS STRONG,

You may do things out of your head purely to amuse yourself—but always look upon them as one of the completest ways of wasting time.

Nothing can be *starker* nonsense than the idea of practice being needed for invention. All practice destroys invention by substituting Habit for it.

* This letter has been printed in *The Literary World* for *August 24th, 1888*, p. 158.

Invention comes of *materials* first—
and Heart and intellect afterwards.

Be sure you have *got*, or get, a head,
before you think much of drawing
“out of it.”

Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER X.

To MR. J. H. LE KEUX.*

DOVER,

May 22nd, 1860.

DEAR LE KEUX,

I cannot tell you how much obliged I am by your kindness, in all you have done for these plates.

I hope to begin some work of completer character with you soon.

Meantime you would add infinitely to your already great kindness, by giving some lessons in etching and biting to my man Allen.† I will pay

* Mr. J. H. Le Keux : the engraver of several of the plates in *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice*.

† Mr. George Allen, now of Sunnyside, Orpington ; Mr. Ruskin's well known publisher, and the engraver of several of the plates in *Modern Painters*, *Deucalion*, &c.

for him whatever he costs you in time, willingly—and I don't think you need fear any *rivalship* in skill, though he will be able to help *me* in my own work.

I have told him to call upon you and ask if you could do this. I want him to have a plate and try to etch something himself, and then to be shown how to bite it in.

I was up at five this morning and am sleepy with sea air—so I can just write this piece of impertinent request, and say good-bye. You shall have a 5th volume * soon, and I hope you will like what I've said of your work in it.

Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* Vol. v of *Modern Painters*, published on June 14th, 1860.—See *The Bibliography of Ruskin*, Vol. ii, p. 27.

LETTER XI.

To MR. J. H. LE KEUX.

DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.

October 13th, [1860.]

DEAR LE KEUX,

I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for all your goodness to Allen. I have not been able to look round me since I came home, owing to an accident which has happened to my mother; and a good deal of trouble I've had in wading through the rubbish of modern political economy—which one must do before one can send it to the devil, to whom it properly belongs.

I hear that my people have been practising it on the plates, by beating down

the printers. Would you kindly send me word what the printers ought to have, for good and careful printing, and I will see about it.

This is the first quite free day I've had, and I begin it by thanking you for all you have done for Allen. I hope we shall do you credit. I've been trying to rest in Switzerland, but find that doing nothing is dull work, and am very stupid in consequence.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XII.

TO MR. RAWDON BROWN.*

DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.

May 10th, 1862.

DEAR MR. BROWN,

So many and many thanks for all your kind and kindest letters. I can't write letters just now. I am always tired, somehow, but I mean to take your advice and hope to get round a little, yet. I have no house of my own—not even rooms; and living with two old people, however good, is not good for a man. I should have tried to get

* Mr. Rawdon Lubbock Brown. He was a remarkable man, a great student of Venetian archives, and historian of Venice—where he lived all his life.

abroad again before this, but found they had let all the Turner drawings get mildewed at the National Gallery during its repairs. So I stayed to get the mildew off as well as I could, and henceforward I've done with the whole business; and have told them they must take it off themselves, next time, or leave it on—if they like. I shall not enter the Exhibition; it is merely a donkey race among the shop-keepers of the world; and when once I get away this year, say in a week or ten days, if I don't break down, I will try and follow your advice.

I do not care the least about people's religious opinions. What I meant to say was, that for a man who has once at any time had any hope of life in another world, the arrival at conviction that he has nothing to look for but the worn out candle end of life in this, is not at first cheerful.

The Boot Jack has come: come for

a long time too. I like it, but I've no boots to pull off for the present, but thank my good old collaborateur and friend for it very heartily. It will be a pretty little piece of furniture, if ever I have a house of my own ; but I never shall have the "heart"—as people say—"want of heart," as they ought to say—to tread on white carved marble with dirty boots.

This note was begun, with a better pen, three weeks ago, as you may see. Since then my discomforts have come to a climax, and, I think, to an end (one way or another, for I feel so languid that I'm not sure I'm not dying), but to an end of better comfort, if I live. For the only people whom I at all seriously care for, in this British group of islands,* and who in any happy degree of reciprocity, seriously care for me (there are many who care

* This is the family referred to in *Præterita*, iii, pp. 103, 113, 178-179, &c.

for me without my caring—and *vice versa*)—wrote three days ago to offer me a little cottage dwelling house, and garden, and field, just beside their own river, and outside their park wall:— And the river being clear, and brown, and rocky ; the windows within sight of blue hills ; the park wall having no broken glass on the top ; and the people, husband and wife and two girls and one boy, being all in their various ways good and gracious ; I've written to say I'll come, when I please ; which will, I suppose, be when I want rest and quiet, and get the sense of some kindness near me. Meantime I am coming, if it may be as far towards *you* as Milan, to see the Spring in Italy once more. But I don't think I can come to Venice, even to see *you*. I should be too sad in thinking—not of ten—but of twenty—no, sixteen years ago—when I was working there from six in the morning till ten at night, in all the joy of youth.

Will you send me a line to *poste restante*, Lucerne, in case I don't get so far as Milan?

And believe me ever affectionately
yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XIII.

To MR. C. RICHARDSON.*

[DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.]
May 15th, 1867.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I want to see you and Mrs. Richardson when you come out to see my mother, and I fear I cannot do so tomorrow, nor am I likely to have a day this week—but next week I will undertake to be at home any day you can come out. I hope to see you before then as I will call at the Coburg the first time I am that way.

* Mr. Charles Richardson. See *Præterita*, No. 21, Vol. ii, p. 329 *et seq.*

I thought you would excuse my changing the day, as I hope you are staying in town some time. Your Aunt* sends her kindest regards.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. RUSKIN.

* Mr. Ruskin's Mother, and Mr. Richardson's *great* Aunt.

LETTER XIV.

To MR. (now SIR) JOHN SIMON.*

DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.

March 31st, 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN,

Our poor old Annie † died yesterday, I think painlessly—so ending a life of very good work, in the service of other people ; and, as far as I know, without having in the whole course of it done any harm to a human creature ; or re-

* See *Præterita*, ii, p. 373. Sir John Simon was knighted in 1887.

† “The one I practically and truly miss most, next to father and mother, is this Anne, my father’s nurse, and mine.” [See *Præterita*, vol. i. p. 33 *et seq.*]

ceived much benefit, beyond bread and meat, from any one.

She died, I suppose in a minute or two, all by herself ; and I hope dreamily—else she would be pained by not having me to say good-bye to.

Would you please give me just a line saying you knew she had cancer, and must die, some day,—to show the coroner ?

Ever your loving

J. R[USKIN].

LETTER XV.

To MR. J. GODFREY GRIBBLE.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

February 10th, 1872.

J. GODFREY GRIBBLE, ESQ.

Sir,

I am indeed aware that printing and paper making machines are made of iron. I am aware also, which you perhaps are not, that ploughshares and knives and forks are. And I am aware, which you certainly are not, that I am writing with an iron pen. And you will find in *Fors Clavigera*, and in all my other writings, which you may have

done me the honour to read, that my statement is that things which have to do the work of iron should be made of iron—and things which have to do the work of wood should be made of wood ; —but that (for instance) hearts should not be made of iron, nor heads of wood ; and this last statement you may wisely consider, when next it enters into yours to ask questions.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

J. RUSKIN.*

* The above scathing epistle was written in reply to the following letter, addressed to Mr. Ruskin by Mr. Godfrey Gribble :—

21, CLAPHAM ROAD, S.W.

February 8th, 1872.

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

Sir,

As a reader of *Fors Clavigera* and others of your works, may I ask a question or two relative to some statements you have made in this month's number of *Fors*?

In the *Notes and Correspondence* you invite our attention to a notice which is sent out with each revised volume of your Works, in one place of which you say that the price of each volume will be "half a guinea for those without plates, and a guinea for the illustrated ones." You immediately follow upon this by saying you will sell them for 9s. 6d. the plain volumes, and 19s. the illustrated ones. Now what does this mean, when there is to be no abatement? May I also ask if

all your former works are to be issued upon this your method of political economy, and are they to be re-titled and volumed?

One more question. Since you disparage so much Iron and its manufacture, may it be asked how your books are printed, and how is their paper made? Probably you are aware that both printing and paper-making machines are made of that material.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

J. GODFREY GRIBBLE.

LETTER XVI.

To THE AUTHOR OF a pamphlet on
Wages.*

HERNE HILL,
LONDON.

January 5th, 1874.

SIR,

I have been much interested by your pamphlet on *Wages*, which I suppose your publisher sent me by your direction. As I observe you honour me by quoting a sentence of mine in it, you will perhaps pardon my intruding a question on you privately, which otherwise I should only have

* This letter has already been printed in *Poet-Lorc*.
July 1891, Vol. iii, pp. 361-362.

ventured to state in any notice I may have to take of this important address in public.

You limit your estimates and enquiries (as far as I can see) to the profit and loss, prosperity or depression, of the iron trade only. Have you arrived at any conclusions as to the effect of that trade on other businesses? For instance : in consequence of its flourishing condition, I pay twice as much for the fire by which I am writing as I did last year. You examine the effect of that rise of price on the coal owner ; and you congratulate him and the country generally on his better remuneration. But you do not examine the effect of the change on *me*, nor congratulate me. Again. The sum I pay extra for firing is withdrawn from that which I am able to spend on art patronage. The coal owner becomes the art patron, instead of me. Have you examined the effect upon the

art of the country which is likely to result from making the coal owner its patron, instead of the persons who are occupied in the study of it? Again. You speak of iron as if it were always useful.

Can you give me any estimate of the capital sunk unproductively in the merely ornamental iron railings of London ;—or perhaps it will be better to say, the iron railings* simply ;—I suppose it would be difficult to separate the cost of ornamentation with any definiteness from that of general make. But I have long wished to obtain from some competent authority a rough estimate of the total sum thus withdrawn from productive labour.

These three questions are strictly only branches of the main one ; the effect of the iron and coal trade on other trades or occupations.

* The "Iron railings" problem is a favourite one of Mr. Ruskin's.—See *Fors Clavigera*, &c.

But I permit myself one more enquiry in another direction. You point with exultation to the various incapacities of Belgium and Russia for production of Iron : do you think, then, that if a little more iron existed in those countries, or in the world generally ; and if Belgians and Russians were less stupid than they are, the British Nation would find existence impossible—or even greatly inconvenienced by the increased sagacity and wealth of its neighbours ? And might not the sentence in the close of your address concerning the dignity of those who are the least dependent upon the favours of others, be advisably coupled with an assertion of the dignity of those who are least dependent on the stupidity of others ?

I am, Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XVII.

To MR. W. WALKER.*

FLORENCE.

September 20th, 1874.

DEAR MR. WALKER,

I got your obliging note all right. I should have acknowledged it before, but wanted to say a word about interest for which I only to-day find time. Your position and knowledge give you so great an advantage in thinking of these things, that if you will observe only two great *final* primal facts—you are sure to come to a just conclusion.

Interest is always either Usury on

* Mr. William Walker, of the Union Bank of London; one of the Auditors of the accounts of the St. George's Guild. This letter has been printed in *Igdrasil*, for December 1891, pp. 226-227.

loan, or Tax on industry (of course often both, and much more)—but always one of these !

I get interest either by lending or investing. If I take interest on investment I tax industry.

A railroad dividend is a tax on its servants—ultimately—a tax on the traveller—or on the safety of his life—(I mean you get your dividend by leaving him in danger).

You will find there is absolutely no reason why a railroad should pay a dividend more than the pavement of Fleet Street.

The profit of a contractor—as of a turnpike man—or paviour—is not a dividend—but the average of a chance business profit.

Of course, I may tax Theft as one of the forms of industry—Gambling, &c.—that is a further point. Keep to the simple one. To make money either by lending or taxing is a sin. If people

really *ought* to have money lent to them—do it gratis,—and if not, it is a *double* sin to lend it them for pay.

The commercial result of taking no interest would be : First that rogues and fools could not borrow, therefore could not waste or make away with money.

The second,—that the money which was accumulated in the chests of the rich, would be fructifying in the hands of the active and honest poor.

Of course the wealth of the country, on these conditions, would be treble what it is. Interest of money is, in a word, a tax by the idle on the busy ; and by the rogue on the honest man.

Not one farthing of money is ever made by Interest.

Get that well into your head. It is *all* taken by the idle rich out of the pockets of the poor, or of the really active persons in commerce.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XVIII.

To A CORRESPONDENT.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

February 19th, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR,

These drawings show very great drawing-faculty, and a subtle power of appreciation ; but not enough independence. The imitations of Turner are far better than most imitations—but do not imitate either him or any one else. You have got his manner of foliage excellently, and this manner will be useful in drawing from nature ; but always be as like the facts, and as little mannered, as you can.

R

The drawing from the guardsman is very good—but Mr. Poynter knows nothing of light and shade, and lets his pupils scribble about with black whenever they are working. Learn first to draw any object honestly—after that, men or trees as you like.

Study only from the Venetians—Perugino, and Turner. A study of the hands of *Tobit and the Angel* in the National Gallery would soon show you what light and shade is.

I write quite at random, forgetting at present the contents of your letter.

I enclose this with the drawings.

Ever very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XIX.

TO MR. EGBERT RYDINGS.*

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

June 18th, 1875.

MR. EGBERT RYDINGS.

Dear Sir,

I am much interested in your letter. In the strongest conviction, I would assert that the father should never provide for the children. He is to educate them and maintain them to the very best of his power, till they are of

* Mr. Egbert Rydings (of Laxey, Isle of Man) devoted much attention to the encouragement and revival of "the venerable art" of spinning, in that Island, as urged by Mr. Ruskin in the pages of *Fors Clavigera*. [See *Studies in Ruskin*, by E. T. Cook, pp. 173-173.]

mature age—*never live upon them* in their youth (damned modernism eats its own children young, and excuses its own avarice by them when they are old!).

When they are strong, throw them out of the nest, as the bird does. But let the nest be always open to them. No guilt should ever stand between child and parent. Doors always open to daughter harlot, or son thief, if they come! But no fortunes left to them. Father's house open, nothing more.

Honourable children will have their own houses; and, if need be, provide for their parents—not the parents for them.

Ever truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XX.

*To MR. F. CRAWLEY.**

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

October 4th, 1875.

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,

I forgot to ask in my last, if you have received a case containing a picture from Mr. Merritt? It may be opened, and the picture, which is Florentine, left for the present at the schools. Mr. Macdonald † will perhaps be interested in it. It has good

* Mr. Frederick Crawley, now of Oxford; for many years Mr. Ruskin's confidential servant, and personal attendant.

† Mr. Alexander Macdonald, Mr. Ruskin's assistant at the Drawing School, Oxford, of which he is now master.

qualities, though none first rate. It belongs to Mr. Norton,* and must be taken good care of.

In case Dr. Acland is enquiring when I am coming, please say I shall get into Oxford I hope about the end of this month ; and shall give three lectures a week, for four weeks, on *Modern Painters*.

Give my love to Mr. Macdonald, and
I am always

Your affectionate Master,

J. R[USKIN].

* Prof. C. E. Norton, of America.—See *Præterita*, iii, pp. 90-99.

LETTER XXI.

TO MR. FREDERICK GALE.*

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 2nd, 1878.

DEAR MR. GALE,

I was at first very grieved at the thought of your going to Australia, even for ever so short a time ; not only because of my own loss—but because I thought the papers you were occasionally now writing in our periodicals were so exactly what was chiefly wanted in the present state of

* Mr. Frederick Gale, a great cricketer, and brother-in-law to Mr. Arthur Severn. He wrote a good deal for *Bailey's Magazine*, under the *nom de plume* of the "Old Buffer."

English society, both to warn and stimulate us.

But what I feel in my own case may be also true in yours,—that the antagonism, or at least the hubbub, of other voices prevents, among us, any quietude of common sense from obtaining a hearing ; and if, indeed, over there in Australia the instruction of harder and simpler life has already so far prevailed that the voice of Old England, as you interpret it, may yet be *there* understood,—I quite feel that you do wisely and well in taking such missionary office.

You and I agree so utterly in all our views of life, and its duties and pleasures, that it would be gratuitous and ridiculous in me to say what I think of your teaching, political and other ; and I do not know if I keep within the limits of modesty in wishing you success, seeing that I would fain be following in your track, if I had the

spirit and zeal to do so. Any way, I hope you will soon come back to us.

And remain, wherever you are—
or go,

Your faithful and grateful friend,

J. RUSKIN.

Frederick Gale, Esq.

LETTER XXII.

To MR. E. S. DALLAS.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 8th, 1878.

MY DEAR DALLAS,

I am sincerely obliged to you for your kind letter ; but I trust there will be no need to relieve the anxiety of my friends by the intrusion of bulletins on public notice.

I have got into quiet work again, and from time to time I hope that a number of *Deucalion* or *Fésole* will assure the people who care for me that

I am still moderately well, and partially sane.*

It is pleasant to hear of such clear and bright sunset life as Lady Wood's. For the question about the green Venetian blind I have no doubt it was used, as the girl's apron which Lady Wood will find noticed in the *Flint Castle*—painful in itself, but having lovely results on the rest of the picture. While Turner was alive, his eccentricities were too provoking to the public to be forgiven, and the reasons of them were never looked for. But his best pictures were those which needed neither forgiveness nor patience.

Returning for a moment to myself, I must further say that though I hope to be able for quiet work in future, I must never again risk the grief and

* This letter was written by Mr. Ruskin immediately upon recovering from his first serious mind-illness, referred to in the first two editions of *Turner Notes*, 1878. In this same month (*July*, 1878) Part v. of *Deucalion*, and Part ii. of *The Laws of Fésole* were published; Part iii. of the latter appearing in the following *October*.

passion of writing on policy or charity; and scarcely permit myself the excitement of correspondence, much less that of society. But I would not have it thought that I have grown sullen, or that I regret anything that I have said or intended. I merely miscounted my days, and over-rated my strength—but am as much as ever my friends' and yours,

Faithfully and affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXIII.

To MR. F. CRAWLEY.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

December 19th, 1878.

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,

The box with the fibrous silvers and thin agates arrived quite safely yesterday, which much pleased me, as I feared the fibrous silvers would necessarily suffer: and the thin agates were ticklish.

I send cheque for £35, carrying the 17s. 4d. to next account; and give your children the five pounds in any Christmas form you like best.

I am keeping fairly well, and doing

nothing to hurt myself,—yet always a little, here and there.

I am very glad to hear you are so well forward with the chalcedonies. Send me that Quaritch parcel. I may still do some work in Oxford, but shall never do any more of *my own* work there,—so that I shall keep the rooms habitable, and no more.

I wish you a pleasant Christmas,

And am,

Your affectionate Master,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXIV.

To MR. F. CRAWLEY.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

January 9th, 1879.

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,

Everything has come perfectly safe—books, and cases of prints in wood. Please now, as you have time, send me the photos from outer room, in the parcels they are arranged in; and the *St. Louis* and *Dover* frames from the window seat. I fear some damp may have got at them.

I should be glad if Mr. Fisher (to whom my best regards, as well as kind memory to Mr. Stacey) would allow

you to look over the new Turner drawings. I am particularly anxious to have the exquisite unpublished *Seine* over instantly, under glass, and out of harm's way.*

Where are Dr. Acland and Mr. Macdonald?

Ever your affectionate Master,
J. RUSKIN.

* Mr. Ruskin has here drawn a rough pen and ink sketch of Turner's *Seine*.

LETTER XXV.

To MR. F. CRAWLEY.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

June 7th, 1879.

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,

I don't understand why you say you have sent only *one* vol. of *Voyages dans les Alpes*: surely all are at Oxford!

Send me, at leisure, all my drawings and sketch-books—Venetian and others; and very quietly and unhurriedly pack my specimens of Gold, that will move without much trouble, leaving the trembling thin plates alone;—I will not move any of my *fragile* minerals from Oxford. Nor the *thread* silvers—

nor any that are difficult to pack ; but whatever silver paper and wool will ensure the safety of, send me here.

Observe also the danger of fine *edges*. There is a piece of rolled gold in green rock, in one drawer, which has fine edge in the richest part : don't try to pack *that*—nor any that you are not sure of.

In one of the drawers I think you will find a little box—marked, T. A. Readwin—a pasteboard box, with sliding interior. Pack this with great care, and send to T. A. Readwin, Esq., Tuebrook, Liverpool.—Registering of course.

Also—I want my old *Arabian Nights* with brown and gold binding. There are only three volumes, one is lost.

Always faithfully yours,

J. R[USKIN].

LETTER XXVI.

To MR. F. CRAWLEY.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[December, 1879.]

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,

Both the silver in the box, and the delicate gold came perfectly safe. But though I am glad to have that silver, it is not the one I want—but a smooth crystal of carbonate of lime, with the silver on it like small twigs of moss. It must be among the larger specimens at the bottom, and will need lots of wool round softest paper.

Are there not a lot of *Flora Danica* supplements bound?

The weather here has been pleasant frost, and very bright. We all drove to Tilberthwaite lower bridge the day before yesterday; walked up the bed of the stream among the icicles and picniced on the grass under the slate quarry.

I had a bit of a cold a fortnight ago; but Dr. Parsons* cured it directly, and everybody is well now. To-day however is black, with heavy snow, after the loveliest day yesterday I ever saw in December. When I say 'all well,' I mean, for myself, as well as I've been since my illness.† But I can't get up in the morning as I used to do.

Always your affectionate Master,
J. RUSKIN.

* Dr. Parsons has now for many years been Mr. Ruskin's medical attendant at Brantwood.

† The 'illness' of 1878, already referred to on p. 71.

LETTER XXVII.

To MR. F. CRAWLEY.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

January 25th, [1880.]

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,

I think it possible you may like to keep Miss Yule's letter, and therefore return it.

Please, I want the quarto Greek Testament manuscript—with golden letters in many places, two columns of text—from my bookcase next the door. You must get a box made, so it may as well be big enough for the *Romance of Rose* MS. too, which should be in

compartment furthest from window of the great bookcase.

I miss a drawing of my Florentine book, *Helena Rapita da Paris*.^{*} Please ask Mr. Macdonald if I gave it to the schools: if so, all is right.

Please find the three vols. of Lord Lindsay,[†] in inner room I think, and send them to—

Mrs. Talbot,[‡]
Elm Wood,
Bridgwater,
Somerset.

I enjoyed the frost very much 'till I got a sharp fall on the ice, which hurt my left wrist a little, so that I'm afraid to slide any more. It would never do

^{*} This was a rare book of sepia drawings, old Florentine—said to be by Mantegna and Botticelli. Mr. Ruskin is reported to have given £1,000 for it, the British Museum refusing to buy it. But some few years ago he, at their urgent request, consented to let them have it.

[†] Lord Lindsay's *Christian Art*.

[‡] Mrs. Talbot was a member of St. George's Guild, and is referred to in *Fors Clavigera*, and also in *Præterita*, i. 124.

to sprain my right ; and since then I'm jealous of the people on the lake, and rather shivering and miserable—but glad it holds on, for the wonder of it.

Ever your affectionate Master,

J. R[USKIN].

LETTER XXVIII.

To MR. F. CRAWLEY.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
January 18th, [1881.]

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,

Three boxes of minerals : two some days back, one to-day. The *Lisbon*, engravings, and frames have all come safe. One glass broken only, and that on a print of no importance. The views not yet unpacked will, I am sure, be all right. Many thanks for all your care.

I keep wonderfully well, but can't get up in the morning—lively enough in the day.

Lake frozen into one perfect sheet yesterday an inch thick. I could only break my way, with butt end of oar, a boat's length out of the harbour in half an hour. Had the frost held six hours longer, I could have walked across to Coniston Hall ; with the men pulling the boat on the ice after me, in case of a flaw anywhere. But thaw came yesterday afternoon. It looks like freezing again to-night, however.

Always your affectionate Master,

J. RUSKIN.

The letter from Miss Yule was very pleasant.

LETTER XXIX.

To MISS GATTY.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

Saturday, July 24th, 1881.

DEAR MISS GATTY,

I did not answer your note instantly, in the hope of being able to make some useful suggestion ; or, at least, to express a definitely hopeful sympathy in the new plans. But I have not been able to go into them, and I can only assure you that I am quite willing to guarantee the hundred pounds in case of failure ; and that I entirely approve the idea of giving only one good wood-cut monthly by way of a *picture*. But

it does seem to me that for rapid line illustration of text, like a scratch in a letter to explain it, no present publication has attempted what might greatly please a rational reader, with scarcely any cost.

Also, you must not depend on your sister,* nor on any other star-writer. Your articles must be kept at a fair level. I think they have been so indeed. But it should be more and more your aim to get *wide* help.

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—This note will, I hope, be accepted by Mr. Bogue as sufficient guarantee; but I will sign any paper you like to send me.†

* Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing.

† This letter was occasioned by the need of a guarantee fund to keep *Aunt Judy's Magazine* going. David Bogue was the publisher.

LETTER XXX.

To MR. F. CRAWLEY.

ABBAY OF TALLOIRES.

November 14th, 1882.

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,

I think you will be interested in hearing that I am just settled by my wood-fireside, in my own room here, after getting through the Mont Cenis from Lucca, and that I am settled for a week—with more pleasure than I ever expected to find again anywhere. I came from Annecy to-day in time for a climb to the great waterfall before dinner, and feel very much like—twenty years ago.

Somehow, I never fancy that *you*

can be older, or Allen—or anybody but myself—than we all were, then !

I have not told you that I went to Mornex* on a bright September afternoon (the 8th): lunched in the old house: and called on Franceline† in hers! *She* certainly *does* look older. The people of the village have not forgotten us; and travellers often come to see where we lived.

As soon as I have had my week of climbing here (I mean to be up to the Rochers de Laufons again, D.V.), I come straight home, lecturing in London on the 4th.‡ I may perhaps get a glimpse of you all at Oxford, before going north.

Ever your affectionate Master,

J. RUSKIN.

*. Mr. Ruskin lived there during the autumn and winter of 1862-1863.

† Franceline, a farmer's daughter, and at one time waitress at the inn at Mornex.

‡ Mr. Ruskin delivered a lecture on *Cistercian Architecture* at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, on *Monday, December 4th, 1882.*

LETTER XXXI.

To MISS BEAUMONT.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
July 23rd, 1884.

DEAR MISS BEAUMONT,

I have just received the cuttings for Mr. Thomas and cannot easily tell you how much they delight me. Please tell me at what price I may sell them, and make me some more as soon as you can. I particularly want a pig, and I think some rabbits might be made very comic—and the rest of the next dozen I should like all birds—above all a fine eagle and griffin vulture—You of course will charge

more for larger and more elaborate pieces.

But I think your talent is far above this work and I want you to send me a sketch or two in colour from nature—not memory—taking your colour box and pocket book to the garden and sketching any attitude that interests you with your best speed. Your cow and calf are quite beautiful pieces of painting—and so is the macaw, and I *believe* you can be a painter as soon as you please. Tell me any difficulties you feel, or any way in which I can assist you—the enclosed note to Messrs. Newman will put you at ease as to materials.

And believe me faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXII.

To MISS WALDRON.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

March 24th, 1885.

DEAR MISS WALDRON,

The law of England is absolutely one with the moral law in all its enactments respecting parental authority. It certainly would not sanction a compulsory marriage. Obedience, both to God and our parents, means essentially *Love*. Love and honour your Father and Mother,—obey them, in all their just pleasure. But you are yourself wholly responsible for the charge of your body and soul.

The rules of the St. George's Guild are embodied in its vow, which I have ordered to be sent you. They are summed in living honestly and usefully.

Ever your faithful Servant,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXIII.

To MR. F. H. BUTLER.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[*March 9th, 1886.*]

DEAR BUTLER,

I can't afford this big bill just now : how these blessed little sixpences do add up ! I am going to bring it down to £5,—sending you the slices and carnelian agates &c. back. But I haven't had time to look them over yet—I hope to do so to-day—anyhow here's promise of my best attention. But as a rule please don't send me glass cases. It's not only the time my

servant has to give to repacking, but the nervousness about such things is quite as seriously bad for me as about greater matters. You should have, I think, solid wood for all your correspondents,—for myself, I'll send you some.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R[USKIN].

P.S.—I wrote as above before reading yours. I see with shame I am in your debt—the cheque shall be for £7 12s. 6d.

I am glad to hear of your brother's book, but, alas! take no interest in any eggs 'till boiled.

LETTER XXXIV.

To A CORRESPONDENT.*

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

May 29th, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR,

Not only am I grateful for your letter and enclosed bit of newspaper ; but they came precisely when I want to learn all I can of what has been doing, or undoing, since I was last at Sheffield.

I will answer the main point you enquire about to-morrow, having no time to *read* the article to-day ; but, in glancing at it, I see *one* statement which should be corrected at once. *I* am *not* the owner of the farm in question : the St. George's Guild is.

* This letter has already been printed (with some textual variations) in *Ruskiniana*, 1890, Part i, p. 67.

What legal forms exist, inconveniencing my action, or yours, I don't know—and never could know—as I waste no moment of life that I can save, in reading the obscure language of British law ; but assuredly *I get* no good of the land—but have, on the contrary, paid constant annual losses on it.

Secondly.—Mr. Riley was no friend of *mine*. I *tried* him as an exponent of modern liberalism, and was as little pleased with the result as the members of *your* league were !

I will conclude my reply to-morrow. You may print this beginning (and the *end* I shall print myself, if you do not) when and wherever you like ; as anybody else may, whatever I write, at any time, or say—if only they don't *leave out* the bits they don't like !

Ever faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXV.

To COLONEL ROBERTSON.

[*Date unknown.*]

DEAR COLONEL ROBERTSON,

It may perhaps be useful to you to have the Copy you sent me of your scheme of Education, so I return it. It is very good ; but, like the scheme of a battle, will I suppose lead in the course of it to unforeseen eventualities. I don't know if in my last letter I said how strongly I felt that a boy's *likings* ought to be consulted in every way. Teach a duck always to swim—but don't allow it to swim inelegantly. Put its whole

strength and self command into its swimming. People are always trying nowadays to teach ducks to fly and swallows to swim.

Most truly Yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXVI.

To PROF. RICHARD OWEN.

DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.

May 12th, 18—. *

DEAR PROFESSOR OWEN,

How often have I been coming to find you, to thank you for your kindness—and every day passed and I could not—and still put off writing, and at last got laid by with cold. And now I must forthwith get across the water, and shall not see you till my return. I have always, however, a dim feeling that the best expression of thanks is to

* This letter may have been written in 1858, in which year Mr. Ruskin went abroad, and did good work at Turin (see *Præterita*, iii, 44-48). However, as this date is exceedingly problematical, the letter has been placed at the close of the present series.

give you no trouble that I can help, even in reading a note. So I will only say in briefest terms that you made me very happy, and that of all this long winter in London—there will remain few things to me so pleasant to remember as the walk in the park : the pleasant dinner with its pretty pause of hospitality : and the reading of *Vivien*.— I wish I could hear the lectures on the Birds. But I am ordered to migrate instantly ; with some hope, however, of return in the summer. I've got some work about fresco to do in Italy, which may make me long for a sea breeze and a green field. Remember me gratefully to Mrs. Owen, and heartily to your son.

And believe me,

Ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Richard Owen, Esq., &c., &c., &c.

I can't fancy any "titles" that are not impertinences.

Erratum.

This Imprint should read :

“*Privately Printed*: 1892.”

1892

